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LIBERATION AN INDEPENDENT MONTHLY

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In This Issue:

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is an actress and the director of the Living Theater in New York City, which is devoted to the production of poetic and nonconformist plays. . . **GIL ORLOVITZ** is the author of a book of poems entitled *The Diary of Alexander Patience*, which is available for one dollar from Inferno Press, Box 5030, San Francisco, California . . . **G. W. SHERMAN**, of San Jose, Calif., has been published in Poetry, Frontier, and other magazines.

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missiles and men

A couple of years ago, a sensitive and brilliant German author, Gunther Anders, commented on "the helplessness with which contemporary mankind reacts—or rather fails to react—to the existence of the super-bomb." If there is anything, Anders suggests, that modern man regards as infinite, it is himself. The power over nature which he now commands "is so tremendous that all historically recorded developments seem trifling in comparison . . . all history is now reduced to prehistory."

But our emotions, on the other hand, "have only a limited capacity and elasticity." Furthermore, the effect of wiping out a city, or exterminating the race, can be achieved by a complex and vastly ramified organization. The part any given individual plays in bringing it about is so slight and so mechanical that ordinary concepts of human decency, sensitivity and moral responsibility do not seem relevant.

Anders concludes that our only hope lies in increasing "the capacity of our intellectual and emotional faculties to match the incalculable increase of our productive and destructive powers."

From the standpoint of this analysis, the recent protests by a small group of pacifists against the construction of a missile base at Cheyenne, Wyoming, can be correctly understood. This base is not constructed merely for experimental purposes: it is one of the spots from which the missiles that can be used to blot out Russian and Chinese cities are to be launched. Cheyenne used to be associated with pistol-toting. Now it has become associated with missile-toting. After several weeks of quiet attempts to arouse the people of Cheyenne, and especially the workers on the base, to an understanding of what it was they were doing, these young pacifists stood on the road in front of incoming trucks, and urged the drivers to stop. They were more or less roughly shoved out of the way. Finally, one of them, Kenneth Calkins, a University of Chicago student, sat down in the road. This time the driver, after being heckled by bystanders who taunted him with being "chicken," drove on and hit Calkins. After a week in the hospital, Calkins was discharged and found guilty of trespassing by a Justice of the Peace. The sentence was a fine of one hundred dollars plus four dollars costs. Since Calkins refused to pay the fine he is now serving 104 days in jail. His wife Ellanor, Theodore Olson, John White, and Erika Ensor received

similar sentences for trespassing and refusal to pay the fines.

Not only the police, the soldiers, the managers and workers at the missile base, and the people of Cheyenne generally, but many others, including not a few very active in peace movements, tend to think that there is something psychologically wrong or queer about these objectors.

As Anders has made clear, the truth is the other way round. Actually, it is the critics, and those who are not even interested enough to be critics, who are schizophrenics. They perform tasks that will contribute to the extermination of mankind, but are unaware of what they are doing.

Kenneth Calkins and his companions are "whole," for their feelings are consonant with the shameful and atrocious character of what men are doing, and their actions flow from a correct evaluation of what is happening and a sound if painful sense of responsibility to try to stop it.

We are not arguing that motives in such situations may not be "mixed" and should not be scrupulously examined. Nor do we suggest that "tactics" are not subject to analysis. The point is that only those are competent to engage in such discussions whose emotions are as sensitive as those of the Cheyenne group, who are not withheld from joining them by specious motives, and who are conscious of the need for "self-transformation", not least in themselves.

TRADITIONAL INFERIORS

Racial discrimination must be abolished — in the South, in the North, and everywhere in the world. We who believe this must put our beliefs into practice.

Last year, at the height of the integration crisis, we received a letter from a Little Rock subscriber telling of the observance of World Brotherhood Day in one of the Little Rock churches, where the emphasis was on sending missionaries to Africa and Asia. The irony of this is readily apparent to those of us who live in the North. But a few months later, the New York State Legislature killed a bill to outlaw racial discrimination in publicly financed housing, without encountering any significant opposition from most of the New Yorkers who had been concerned over segregation in the South.

This year, we have a bumper crop of editorials, sermons and liberal resolutions denouncing Governor Faubus for his sabotage of integration and chiding President Eisenhower for his failure to take a moral

stand for anything more imaginative than last-ditch "law and order" at the end of a bayonet. Let's face it: it is always a temptation to appease our hunger for brotherhood by waxing indignant over abuses in Moscow, Little Rock, or Washington. But indignation doesn't get us very far as long as we are relatively insensitive to human rights in the areas where we can exert more direct control: in our own cities, neighborhoods, schools, unions, places of work, and families.

How many liberals champion the rights of Negroes in Little Rock, but would discourage their own sons or daughters from having dates with Negroes! Yet if (as we believe) the color of one's skin is ultimately no more significant than the color of one's eyes or hair, then (as most southerners believe) integration at school, at play, and at work will lead to intermarriage as naturally as boy-meets-girl.

Similarly, how many who insist that the color of a man's skin should not limit his right to participation as an equal in the civil rights of society argue vehemently, to their own advantage, that the color of a man's personality (his I.Q., his skills, his training at home and in school) should limit his right to an equal share in the material benefits of society!

We believe that all human beings are indissolubly linked with one another. We cannot agree with our southern brothers that it is none of our business what happens in the schools of Little Rock and other southern cities. We condemn a system that segregates human beings according to an artificial theory of race. We praise the courage of the Negro children who register and attempt to attend the schools of their own choice as equals with other children of their locality. We would encourage the southern white students who show signs of beginning to revolt against the anachronisms of their parents. But we must carry a similar sensitivity and courage into the relationships that touch us more immediately. At the same time that we are working for integration in the South, we must do in our own lives what we are asking white southerners to do. We must include in our total brotherhood those who have traditionally been treated as inferiors in our native culture, not just Negroes, Jews and foreigners, but all varieties of human beings, including the unskilled, the untrained, and the unattractive.

FREEDOM in their lifetime

the Congress movement in South Africa

Violaine Junod

THE ANALYSIS which follows is based on the general assumption that the power-relationship in South Africa between the whites on the one hand, and the non-whites on the other, is essentially a colonial relationship, that the problem therefore is one of adjustment of this relationship. As Mr. Leo Marquard, President of the South African Institute of Race Relations stated in his presidential address this year:

Other countries have overseas possession in which their colonial subjects live and are ruled by administrators sent from the mother country; in the case of South Africa, no ocean separates rulers from subjects. Nevertheless, the relationship remains essentially a colonial relationship.

There is great similarity between the growth of the Congress movement in South Africa and that of the Indian Congress movement during the twenties, thirties and early forties in India; between it and the rise of nationalistic movements in Southeast Asia and West Africa; there are parallels to be found between the actions taken by the Dutch government in the twenties against leaders of the "liberation movement" in Indonesia and those of the South African government against leaders of the congresses.

There are undoubtedly factors in the South African situation which make for noticeable differences; the mere fact, for example, that the whites live in the country as a permanent element and consider it to be their home, almost to the exclusion of other groups. Nonetheless, the general proposition holds true, that the essence of the problem is the adjusting of the power-relationship. The whites are determined to retain their power, be it through "white leadership with justice" (the United Party's policy) or white *basiskap* (the present government's policy); the non-whites do not want to take over power from the whites, but to share it. It is in this field that the Congress movement has played, and continues to play, so significant a role.

The main features of colonial "liberation movements" are readily seen in the growth and development of what is today called the Congress movement in South Africa. The early beginnings centered around the activities of a few educated leaders with little mass support or organization—the adoption of conciliatory policies, the use

of petitions, deputations and resolutions. Later, a more militant thinking group developed, leading to a split between the moderates and radicals, the former adopting a policy of working from within, the latter developing techniques of protests on an extraparliamentary front—at this stage more emphasis being placed on gaining mass support. Then comes the stage at which all groups opposed to the "oppressor" unite in one common front, differences of ideologies for the time being sinking into the background. Militancy is a feature of this period and organization amongst the masses becomes a key principle in all campaigns. It is particularly at this stage that government begins to adopt strong repressive measures, deporting or imprisoning leaders, clamping down on freedom of expression and association, etc. It is this stage which the Congress movement in South Africa finds itself in at the present time.

It would be difficult to speak of a Congress movement as existing before the late 1940's. Up to that time, the two major organizations constituting this movement, the S. A. I. C. (South African Indian Congress) and A. N. C. (African National Congress) had followed separate paths. The very segregatory nature of governmental policy since 1910 and before, had necessitated the creation of separate racial organizations to deal with issues relevant to their particular groups. Thus the Indian Congress (later to become the S. A. I. C.) was founded in 1894 under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, when Indian franchise rights were threatened in the Natal Colony. The A. N. C. (then the South African Native National Congress) emerged when the Government introduced its first major piece of segregatory legislation, the Natives Land Act of 1913.

During this early period, the two Congresses, more especially the A. N. C., adopted a conciliatory policy, believing, as it were, in the magical qualities of deputations, petitions and resolutions. The Indian Congress, under Mahatma Gandhi, however, gradually developed



a technique which was to have a revolutionary effect on the future campaigns of oppressed peoples, both in South Africa and colonial territories, viz: the technique of passive resistance, or nonviolence. It was used with effect by Gandhi and his followers in their protest against discriminatory measures in 1914.

Until the 1930's the A. N. C. continued along moderate lines. Though claiming to represent African opinion, it did little to awaken political consciousness among the African people, and no positive effort was made to educate the "masses" or to gain their active support.

The Communist Party was formed in 1921, as an all-white party; in 1924, it opened its doors to all races. Two years earlier the I. C. U. (Industrial and Commercial Workers Union), an all-inclusive non-white trade union, had been launched.

The C. P. remained, until it was dissolved in 1949, the only political party with an interracial membership. It busied itself mainly with training leaders, especially in the trade-union field, and was particularly active in the thirties when African trade unions, though not legally recognized, grew in strength and numbers. It is not surprising, therefore, that many of the active non-white political leaders have received what political education they did from white Communists. Many joined to acquire such training, others out of conviction. By now most of them have been "named" and/or "banned" under the Suppression of Communism Act even though, as in other countries, there is many an Arthur Koestler to be found in their ranks.

The I. C. U. from the outset placed little reliance on petitions and deputations. It was defiant and militant, often using the strike weapon and readily going to court against white employers. It filled a vacuum that had been created by the ineffective conciliatory policy of the A. N. C. and soon found itself the spearhead of the emergent politically conscious non-whites, particularly Africans. It became a political rather than a trade-union organization and therein lay the main cause for its eventual collapse in the late twenties. Trying to do both tasks at the same time, it did neither well. As a trade union, it was far too large and represented too many diverse industries; politically, its leaders were unable to organize it along effective channels. It did however, awaken the Africans to a new consciousness of their power.

When in 1933 the government under the leadership of General Hertzog, introduced the famous "Hertzog Bills" (which became the Natives Representation Act and the Natives Land and Trust Act of 1936), the need for an organization to co-ordinate African opposition was evident. Out of this need was born the A. A. C. (All African Convention).

Whereas Congress had spoken of a united African front with moderate proposals, the C. P. had spoken of

a "Black Republic" in which all racial groups would have equal political rights, and the I. C. U. had spoken of militancy, the A. A. C. spoke of non-collaboration. The theory was that Africans are oppressed by consent; i. e., it is their collaboration which makes the machinery of race oppression work. Remove this foundation and the superstructure collapses. Sound though this view is, it was premature. The Africans were neither ready nor sufficiently politically conscious to understand it or make it work. Moreover, at this stage non-collaboration was spoken of in terms of the boycott of the newly established N. R. C. (Native Representative Council), and for political boycotts of this type to be successful a 100% support is necessary. Today, this theory is the basis of much of the Congress movement's activities, but is applied to practical fields of activity, as in the boycott of certain goods produced by firms with predominantly Nationalist interests and in the boycott of bus services.

The introduction of this new concept led to conflicts within the A. A. C. The A. N. C. finally walked out having decided to continue along its more moderate line. It put up candidates for the N. R. C. and tried to continue working from within. The years which followed showed the forebodings of the non-collaborationists to have been prophetic—the N. R. C. proved a complete sham. Purely advisory, hardly consultative, by the mid-forties it was viewed with little regard by any self-respecting African. When in 1953, it was abolished under the Bantu Authorities Act, no African considered its end a calamity.

Beginnings of Nonviolence

In the meantime, the younger men in the A. N. C., becoming more and more radical, established the Congress Youth League, which played a significant role in ousting the old moderate leadership from the A. N. C. It was the Youth League which gave its unstinted support to Chief A. J. Luthuli, who later became, and still is, the President-General of the A. N. C., and who remains the symbol of the Africans' aspirations.

Important developments were also taking place with regard to the Indians. The government, under its Indian Representation and Land Bill, proposed to offer the Indian community representation in Parliament similar to that given the Africans in 1936, i. e., through elected European members voted for by Indians on a separate communal roll. Out of the resulting internal conflict in the S. A. I. C. emerged an entirely new leadership of young men, led by Dr. M. Naicker, and imbued with a spirit of nonviolent militancy. The old group split off to form the N. I. O. (Natal Indian Organization). A passive resistance campaign was launched in the true Gandhian spirit. A few whites, notably the Reverend Michael Scott, participated. The result was a signal

victory for the resisters, who claimed that the problems of a multi-racial society could not be solved by communal representation of the type offered. Though the bill was passed, it was never implemented. It remained in the statute book until the present Government withdrew it as being "too progressive."

The stage was set for the return of the Nationalist Party to power in 1948. In the victory of the Nationalists, the non-whites saw the final rejection by the majority of the white South Africans of the ideals of a non-racial society. The crisis into which the non-whites were thrown called for the development of new methods of struggle. The A. N. C. and S. A. I. C. launched the passive resistance campaign. Its declared aim was to get six specified laws repealed. But deeper lay the urge to create a united front of all peoples who were opposed to the ideology of racial exclusiveness. For the first time in the history of South Africa a truly inter-racial extra-parliamentary front was launched. The Congress movement was born.

Attitudes among whites were polarized, the vast majority declaring themselves on the side of racial exclusiveness, and a minority asserting the right of all to equal participation in a common society. The passive resistance campaign "spread an ethic of racial tolerance amongst the non-whites, and an understanding of the political technique of group tension. It strengthened the Congresses and established a method of inter-racial co-operation. Close bonds were forged between resisters of different races by the shared experience of voluntary suffering and exposure to Government retaliation, while the technique of nonviolence provided a discipline based on broad humanitarian principles". (Leo Kuper, *Passive Resistance in South Africa*)

Passive resistance clearly put before South Africa, and the world, the alternative solutions to the problems of multi-racial society: either *apartheid* and racial domination, or a common society and the interdependence of the races. The majority of whites stood for the first, the Congress movement for the second.

Though continuing to function as separate bodies, the congresses, now strengthened by the Congress of Democrats, the S. A. C. T. U. (South African Congress of Trade Unions) and the S. A. C. P. O. (South African Coloured Peoples Organization) acted as one. In 1954, the Congress of the Peoples was launched, with the drawing up of a Freedom Charter as its goal. Conferences were held at regional and provincial levels to organize "the people", to educate them politically, and to get them to set down their aspirations for inclusion in the Freedom Charter. On June 26, 1956, these conferences culminated in a large national Congress of the Peoples held at Kliptown, outside Johannesburg, where the Freedom Charter was adopted. It has since become the

main foundation of the Congress movement platform. The most important feature of this entire campaign (now the central part of the Crown's evidence in the Treason Trial) was its organizational aspect. Non-whites and white democrats had come to recognize that success could only be achieved by shifting the focus of the struggle from the parliamentary to the extra-parliamentary field, thus altering the power relationship. Constitutional struggles were of no avail, as the removal of the colored peoples from the common voters' roll had all too clearly shown. The campaign could only succeed if the people were organized and made to act as effective pressure groups on the extra-parliamentary front. The theory was that adjustments in the power relationship would inevitably follow the use of such pressures. Throughout the campaign emphasis was placed on its nonviolent character—violence was never to come from within the movement. The most important effect of all was the creation of a truly inter-racial front in the struggle for racial justice.

Campaigns, large and small, were organized, or developed spontaneously, all over the Union. There were anti-pass campaigns, boycotts of bus services, boycotts of goods produced by Nationalist-controlled firms, protests against the implementation of various laws, e. g., the Bantu Education Act and the Group Areas Act.

The government answered by adopting increasingly repressive measures, with three principal aims: controlling the urban African population (the politically more vocal and active group); reducing all forms of interracial activity; and counteracting the growing organizational strength of the Congress movement. The activities of the "Special or Security Branch" (the political police) increased tenfold: raids on private homes and Congress offices, attendance of detectives at all meetings and renewal of banning orders on Congress leaders, have become a matter of routine. It is also alleged that phones are tapped and mail tampered with. At the policy-making level, the government published its "Tomlinson Report"—the blueprint of *apartheid*. At the administrative level, it attempts to divide the population even further by creating ethnic groupings in African urban areas.

To all this came the resounding response of the African people, in the Bloemfontein Charter. This Charter was passed at the Bloemfontein Conference called by the Inter-denominational African Ministers' Federation in October, 1956. There were three hundred and ninety-four African delegates, drawn from all parts of the Union and representing all shades of African political opinion. A few liberal whites attended as observers.

This Conference does not subscribe to the view that the choice before South Africa consists only of two alternatives—"Ultimate complete integration" or "ultimate com-

plete separation between Europeans and Bantu' (Torr-
linson Report). The Conference maintains that a proper
reading of the South African situation calls for co-
operation and inter-dependence between the various races
comprising the South African nation and denies that
this arrangement would constitute a threat to the sur-
vival of the White man in South Africa . . . We call
upon all South Africans who realize the dangers and
effects of apartheid to take positive steps to break down
the colour bar in their group relations.

The government, however, continued its campaign by:
arresting 156 persons on charges of high treason in
December, 1956—all the leading executive members and
national leaders of the Congress Movement.

passing the Native Laws Amendment Act at its 1957
session. Under this Act all interracial clubs, schools
and hospitals must obtain permission from the Minister
of Native Affairs in order to continue functioning. In
regard to all other interracial activities, the Minister
has been given the power to render the attendance of
Africans illegal, by proclamation in a Government
Gazette, subject to the concurrence of the local author-
ity.

attempting to pass the Separate Universities Bill,
which would disallow "mixed" universities.

The Congress movement, and its few white allies,
have pledged themselves to the building of a truly non-
racial South Africa, in which future generations will
be able to live in true and peaceful racial harmony.
"Freedom in our lifetime!" is their call.

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GOOFMANSHIP

Dick Bruner

ONE OF THE MEMBERS of the family next door to us is a twelve-year old boy who can grasp in an instant scientific concepts which I have to ponder sometimes for hours in order to comprehend.

On a recent visit, he asked if I would like to read a "science-fiction" composition he had written as a class assignment. It turned out to be like the press conferences held these days by nuclear physicists, in that it was a prediction of things to come. It began with the year 1974, and briefly traced the history of the period immediately preceding it. The third world war (almost inevitable, according to the theme's premises) had come and gone. Happily for the people of the western world, "one of the better effects of the war . . . was the abolishment of Communism, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and similar governments, except for capitalism and a mild form of socialism." Once things had got squared away, the world's scientists held a meeting in the United Nations General Assembly building. "For many years, scientists from the world over had been working on the idea of conquering space . . .

"This meeting was to be top-top-secret. All civilians had been cleared out of all the buildings for a radius of a mile from the U. N.

"Two hundred of the U. N.'s special guards had been assigned to guard the area. There were five guards guarding each door. Everyone's credentials were inspected."

I was puzzled by this turn of potential events. "Bob," I asked, "why do you have to have all this secrecy for a scientific meeting? You have already said that Communism has been destroyed and that this has resulted in world peace and freedom for scientists."

Bobby furrowed his brow and asked to read his paper again. A little later, he offered an explanation: "I was only in sixth grade when I wrote it."

Of course, this was only a fragment of the total answer. Bobby, who aspires to be a nuclear physicist when he grows up, has become conditioned to thinking that all significant scientific discussions are held in an atmosphere of huggermuggery.

Perhaps it seems an exaggeration to say that Bobby's attitude is symptomatic of what has happened to the rest of us, but judging by some of the statements of responsible persons I have been collecting, the time appears to be seriously out of joint. For the past several months, I have been engaged in the somewhat macabre hobby of storing up what I call "nuclear age goofies,"

the kind of improbable assertions that in another context would convince anthropologists that we are a culture engaged in some weird sort of mass psychological flagellation.

I was tempted to take up this hobby two or three years ago when I read in the *Wall Street Journal* that some industrial leaders were storing provisions, and even money, in caves, which were to serve as points of rendez-vous when the bombs dropped. Not long after that, I read in the *AFL-CIO News* that following a mock air raid to test our civil defenses, George Meany had sent a wire to the President, informing him that the American labor movement stood ready to respond to any call for rebuilding our theoretically shattered physical plant. Mr. Meany told the President that business agents for building-trade unions were alerted and prepared to meet the emergency. As a reader, I could only assume that, somehow, all craft-union members had been miraculously spared.

Screwy? Yes, but not really a collector's item. After all, numismatists rarely go in for bus tokens. It wasn't until a few months ago, while rummaging through the files in the office where I work, that I came across the gem that was to launch my avocation.

It was a story clipped from the Associated Press wire, dated June 1, and it told of a farmer's bulletin entitled "Defense Against Radioactive Fallout on the Farm," prepared with the aid of the Atomic Energy Commission, the Civil Defense Administration, and the Public Health Service. According to the A. P. story, "The Department said that if the fallout should be heavy on pasture lands, it probably would be advisable to plow the soil deep, add lime and reseed

"It said fallout could affect a farmer's system of farming."

Now, that was the kind of monumental understatement that established a standard for my collection. Working in a news office, I am in a position to read a variety of inanities, and I decided to keep a sharp lookout for additions. Currently, my file of "goofies" is bulging.

A particularly choice morsel nearly escaped me, since it came in the relatively dull wrapping of *Viewpoint*, a monthly bulletin published by the American Trust Company. In a front page article in the February 1958 issue, the editor, H. Eugene Dickhuth, urged Congress to give serious consideration to the establishment of property insurance against destruction by nuclear weapons. "Billions of dollars of property are involved," he wrote. ". . . Very substantial credit is outstanding against this economic machinery and its products. Banks cannot be blind to the peril. Neither can other lenders. Records are carefully stowed away in cages in the mountains. They may be safe, but the property and goods which they record as collateral may be gone, irretrievably. A dreary prospect, indeed."

Indeed!

Further on, Mr. Dickhuth waxed positively indignant: "If no protective government insurance machinery is in existence—along the lines perhaps of the late U. S. war risk insurance, or the F. D. I. C.—it would be laughable to either trade stocks and bonds of any description or even review outstanding credit of any type. What would be the criteria, what would be the point?"

"In the past, thought has also been given to the desirability of U. S. re-insurance not only of property, but also of lives, since a national nuclear disaster would lead to a credit moratorium, owing to the uncertainty of asset values."

Well, asset values *will* be a little uncertain in my part of the country, since the Chicago area is thought to be a prime target. Arthur J. Snider, science writer for the *Chicago Daily News*, seems to support Mr. Dickhuth's contention about the irretrievable loss of collateral, since he informed readers on February 12 that "it would take about thirty minutes of flight time for the Moscow-to-Chicago bomb-carrying ICBM to arrive."

"You'll learn it's on the way when about half of the trip is completed."

That's barely enough time for me to walk to the Madison Street station to catch my train home. But if I manage to make it, I may be able to survive, for just outside my suburban area "will be the nation's biggest atomic age bomb shelter," according to the *Daily News* of April 28. "Crammed with equipment and big enough to hold 200 persons, the \$506,052 center is scheduled to open September 1."

That works out to about \$2,530.26 per person.

"The occupants," according to the *Daily News*, "can remain inside the shelter as long as two weeks if they have to."

Assuming that the occupants stretch their stay to the maximum, the late taxpayers will have paid a fraction of a cent more than \$180.73 per day for each person's two-week lease on life. That's a high enough premium on anyone's life, and I think Mr. Dickhuth ought to amend any plan he may be preparing for United States re-insurance on human life to exclude the two hundred persons who are chosen to occupy the Wheaton bomb shelter. After all, taxes are high enough as it is.

Why Worry?

Ralph Lapp, in testifying before the joint Congressional Radiation Subcommittee, estimated that a twenty-five-hundred-megaton bomb attack eventually would cause seventeen million defective children, one hundred and twenty million stillbirths, and one hundred and forty million embryonic deaths (do scientists use slide rules to arrive at figures like these?). According to the United Press, he "proposed setting up a federal 'sperm bank' that could be used for human reproduc-

tive purposes in event of nuclear attack." He told the subcommittee members that "the sperm stockpile 'is the kind of consideration you inevitably come up against' in thinking about the genetic effects of nuclear war."

Perhaps Mr. Lapp hasn't thought about genetic effects in the right perspective. *This Week* magazine tells us, "Sterility, long advertised as a major H-bomb alarm, is not so serious a worry—since radiation strong enough to sterilize is strong enough to kill."

Reassured?

If not, take heart from the remarks of Dr. Norman Hilberry, director of the Argonne National Laboratory of the Atomic Energy Commission. Although Dr. Hilberry concedes that the effect of radiation on genetic mutations is "the one unanswered and unanswerable question," he charges that the danger of radiation is being emphasized out of proportion to its actual threat. He takes particular exception to the petition signed by over eight thousand geneticists, biologists, chemists and physicists, urging an end to hydrogen bomb tests.

"It has been my observation," he says, "that organized religion has been trying to scare mankind for more than 2,000 years into being good. How far the physicists are going to be able to get by using the same tactics, I don't know."

However, it appears that someone is scared. The *Wall Street Journal* of February 12, in a report on the way in which our government is meeting the challenge of nuclear war, cites "samples of a new and wild confusion surrounding one major defense problem."

A sample of a new and wild confusion not covered by the *Journal* in its article is illustrated by the lead paragraph in a story which came over the United Press teletype machine in our newsroom:

"London, May 2—(UP)—Experts said today they are working on plans for a 70-ton H-bomb rocket capable of being launched from Britain at targets in Russia, Communist Europe or the perennially-troubled Middle East."

When I read this, I was shocked to learn that the Middle East is now considered an appropriate target for western-made rockets. I was so disturbed, in fact, that I called the cable desk of the United Press in New York to learn whether the correspondent had paraphrased the expert's statement, or had done some crystal-ball gazing of his own. The editor in New York checked the story, which had originally come across his desk, and found that the lead had not been rewritten before being sent over the domestic wire. But, hopefully, he assumed that it was the U. P. writer, and not the experts, who had put the Middle East within range of the British rocket.

Like my friend Bobby, the U. P. writer may have been only in the sixth grade when he wrote it.

7 unaffiliated poets

moloch

*Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
grant us peace.*

Butch Bardoli was just a ranch kid
a tow-head like yours or mine at seven
his pockets full of marbles
pieces of string
a tiny car or plane maybe
he'd got with a box top
Nothing extra about Butch
just the usual sort of small boy
and when the big cloud mushroomed
high into the cobalt desert sky
over the Reville mountains to the south
he stood in the yard with the six other children
who went to Twin Springs School
and watched with scared eyes

Now Butch Bardoli is dead of leukemia
or cancer of the bloodstream
It was just his hard luck to be born
there in that almost empty part of Nevada
where mountains fifty miles away
seem close enough to touch
and the dust devils whirl
on long hot summer days

As a great man said
"You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs"
a man named Nikolai Lenin
not George Washington or Thomas Jefferson or
Abraham Lincoln
but we seem to have come over to his way of thinking
It does make a difference though
when it's an egg from your own nest
a beloved son perhaps
that gets broken for the omelet

Somewhere on the desert
a new cross stands
above a very short mound
and still the poisonous mushrooms climb the cobalt sky
over the Reville range
but Butch Bardoli
sleeps on

John Beecher

lyric

the sea the low ghost
no dead shall we rid today
grown up to nothing lost

the sand hums low of a drift
the drift lifts to a sail
I will go pare a gull
for tranquil ventilations

later white waters whistle through soft teeth
a cool pulse follows the trail of my spine
the swimmer the shape of the shoreline
and the stroke the wave

Gil Orlovitz

Now is the time when
And everything is much from
I run to worth, yet what
Huge tragedy's whisper, elder's
A distant crowd being
Gas lights in trees and noise co

In sundown; my love seeming
Often to woman-shapes no, wi
The ocean of heaven, white tra
Gas lights on ancient ads, pe
'A woman's place is on home'.
The tube seemed deeper to-nig

I listen to these augurs of day
And sometimes guard a m
For nothing I fear: I believe
As told by men's alarums be in
Told by his dentist that eth ar
Catching the ultimate loner's
On Jodrell's Bank the stars cry
'Gentlemen prefer Brah

I hear the revel whisper cl
Who was bairn to the rife tree l
And the lake, sitting in arch wi
At night, I walked to mphony
And I hear again, I to the
The symphony to the yam do
And I wondered whether holy pa

The world we know
is not the same you gathered in your leaves,
Walt, on your jaunts
up and down Manhattan,
a hundred years ago—
the homespun throngs
of people—men, women, children—all
singing songs
in the morning of our country,
when it was young, robust,
and forty-second parallel tall;
when fewer people were conspicuously rich,
abjectly poor,
and no one an encumbered robot—
in Lincoln's time, Walt,
each singing of his occupation,
the song that he knew best,
in teeming city, on Dakota homestead,
individually, yet together—
before we were divided by the railroad track,
the sunset beckoning West.

The vision fades, Walt,
of the splendid future—the new world
you struck up for in your leaves.

to whitme

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 is much from the side.
 yet what?
 whisperer's wings,
 d being ver;
 rees and wise coverings
 y love seaming
 n-shapes no, within
 eaven, who transfigures itself.
 ancient eds, pewtered and old.
 ce is on none'.
 ed deeper to-night, going home.
 e augurs of dark earthly stars
 guarder a moot disclosure,
 fear: I believe in auspiciousness
 's alarum be in my ken.
 ntist that eth are going
 ultimate oncer's eye
 ank the ss cry.
 fer Brah
 el whisperum child
 to the r tree lamp flickering
 sitting urch window chair
 alked to mphony young
 gain, I to the year,
 to the yam done with time.
 ed whetholy passion had transpired to her.

Peter Jones

to whitman

eaves,
 The dream endures beyond the blue-gray haze;
 shines like a pylon, Walt, above the smog.
 Our leaves turn traffic-light colors;
 your leaves rot in our American compost.
 Even the leaves, the ghosts
 of your leaves, are coated
 with the dust of marching men . . .
 Our world, this farrago,
 is not the same you gathered to your beard,
 caressed at night,
 with dreaming closed eyes—
 It is the world of Poe—
 the fetid tarn,
 the diabolical pendulum,
 the death-mask of uranium—
 delusions of disordered minds,
 which you did not see
 the shaping of—which need not be.
 Our death is borne on winds of chance;
 fear of a strange dust haunts the roads.
 We search for you, Walt, more tragic Joads;
 call to you—the sea by Paumanok grieves.
 Speak to us, Walt, in the manifesto of your leaves.

G. W. Sherman

when the gun's ends ring us round

*Murder: To kill (a human being)
unlawfully.*

*Execution: To put to death
legally.*

(Webster's Dictionary)

*For the injustice of the lawful lives
(Kenneth Patchen)*

Here we stood,
 Upright in the palm of injustice,
 As unright purred, putting her hand
 On the open mouth of our protest.

And our love singing.
 Singing the memory of mother's love;
 Singing a recollection
 Of the fond morning to come
 When all love between all men
 Is simple as speech, as child's speech;

When speech is a bond of alliance;
 When giving and taking are cognate;
 Singing peace,
 Singing passion
 And strong things without sin.

Here we stood and the gallows,
 And the tense hands on the triggers,
 And the fringed faces of the torturers
 In the palm of injustice
 Were incapable of comprehension.
 Here we stood.

And I will ask *you*, beloved,
 Was it easy to love them?

Judith Malina

clown

Whose laughter limps from pain to pain?
 Whose clothes are contradictory?
 Whose mouth meanders with the will
 Of fiends unbent on victory?

Seen from the front it's hard to tell
 Whether I'm faring ill or well,
 Worse yet, when from the back I'm seen
 I jerk like some absurd machine.

The more I look
 The less I see.
 The world has got me
 Up a tree.

Pierre Henri Delattre

poem on the death of reich

After the grievous death of his daughter, it next happened to Mycerinus that an oracle was sent to him from the city of Buto, declaring that he had but six years to live and must die in the seventh. The king deemed this unjust, and sent back to the oracle a message of reproach, blaming the god: why must he die so soon who was pious, whereas his father and his uncle had lived long, who shut up the temples, and regarded not the gods, and destroyed men? But a second utterance from the place of divination declared to him that his good deeds were the very cause of shortening his life; for he had done what was contrary to fate; Egypt should have been afflicted for an hundred and fifty years, whereof the two kings before him had been aware, but not Mycerinus. Hearing this, he knew that his doom was fixed. Therefore he caused many lamps to be made, and would light these at nightfall and drink and make merry; by day or night he never ceased from reveling, roaming to the marsh country and the groves and wherever he heard of the likeliest places of pleasure. Thus he planned by turning night into day he might make his six years into twelve and so prove the oracle false. (Herodotus: Book II, 133.)

I.

His death left us cold
Who were cool already
Gone from the meadow
Where the grass goes crazy.

Will there be time
To murder and create
When life grows long
When love grows late?

Dead in the stars
And dead on a hill
How dark the wonder bars
How life is drunken still.

Who killed cock-Reich
Cried Jesus-the sparer
I wept the error
I killed him with my horror.

Jesus and Bruno
Lorca and Reich
The human race
Is not very nice.

II.

To the groves of light he wandered
Past the plains of pain
Into the foothills of the goldengolden thighs
(The father of the dream
Has been murdered in his sleep)
There where joy hung like quivered nipples
on the pouting breast of being
(And where is the joy bearing revolution?)
He turned night into day
And then we were blind.

III.

Consider how the young man full of joy
Kissed his wife after the first night of the congress.
The city wept on the side of the lake
(altho it was summer)
(Those lights were seering candles in our dream)
And then they raced beyond onto the highstarred meadow
(Let us leave them there
Where we cannot follow)

IV.

I say his madness was our life
Our madness his death.
His mistakes we nestled in our paper crown
To save against a painless craniotomy.

*I have been asked to say a few words
on behalf of those that remain:*

*Comrades, rejoice!
We need not now be saved.
Raise your fear-red banners
In the name of love.
Bury him deep
Beneath the towering monuments.*

Those stars
do they turn or unturn?

Whose face is in the sky?

Where are we now?

Naphtali Kupferberg

AN ACT

Lawrence Barth



HE SAT a long time on the bed, thinking about it, revolving it like a globe. There was just one lamp on, the one by the table where he ate. Its light put a heavy dimness over the room. . . .

His eyes were thought, thought running in a heavy liquid circle. They barely saw the table, the single plant on it, the gas stove, the old bookcase, the armchair.

No. It was stupid. His foot kicked out restlessly, and he rose from the bed to walk across the room. Back to the bed, then across again.

He was a grown man, an adult. You meet your problems and you find some way of solving them. He picked up the note he'd written—"I don't think anybody should take his life, but my life—" and stared at it long after his eyes and brain cells had done their moment's work of reading.

Death is final.

But death is peace.

But death is final.

He stopped in the middle of the room, his will teetering over and back, over and back, like a child's humpty-dumpty.

And now he dropped on the bed once more as it swept over him, deeper than before, in calm and merciless flow. I'm hollow, he thought. Not one thing drops into my hollowness—no woman, no friend, no job that means anything, no hope. The world was made only of callousness these days. He earned money every day. Why? He rarely bought anything any more. His head burrowed into the limp pillow, his body slowly curled up on itself like a fetus, making the least possible contact with the alien air. The tall straightness of him would now have looked to some outside person entering the room like a rounded mass of jelly, the protoplasmic jelly of man's beginning on earth.

But no outside person entered this room. He lay alone, and the coarse ticking of the alarm clock merged with the thin draft pressing its way in through the window cracks, became one with the coagulated lamplight.

Armpits. If they perspired, you sprayed them with the deodorant stated and then everything was all right. Also the mouth. Did a man's hair stick out? You rubbed it with the emollient stated and then everything was all right. The rent was twice as high as blood on Sunday, and if nobody is interested in you, look at the cowboy on the shining tube, the eye of God.

The Communists had done something about things,

back in the thirties, but they'd forgotten to do about themselves too. Politicians, they'd turned into, shit-artists. Old Jesus Christ had a good idea—love people. That one had been thoroughly squashed. But you could always get a magic-temp refrigerator with greater cubic capacity than ever before, large enough for the bulkiest body. And pineapple juice cured constipation.

Pineapple juice cured aloneness.

Pineapple juice cured life.

He lay a long time. An act of will was needed, he knew. To do something. What? How do you fight back when the enemy is everything?

Vaguely he heard an oven door clanging somewhere in the building, and the thought of supper brushed him and went by. Food—this he could not think of. His body was solidified now, completely inert, and behind its smooth stone operated the knowing, not knowing, deciding, undecided. Now the question was a polite parliamentary debate in icy chambers, now it was a hot and racing river. An act was needed, a start. Walk. Move body. But he remained on the bed like a stone, a stone of earth, stopped and paralyzed in the hardened crust. So long since he . . .

The clock ticked steadily, and he lay. Then, dragging, he derricked himself to a sitting position, then raised himself up off the bed to his feet. He looked hazily around the room, found his hat, pushed it on his head and went very slowly out the door. The note still lay on the blanket.

The gray walls of the hall were shiny with paint, and the paint was dull with dust. His feet, like good machines, carried him unerringly down the four long flights. On the fourth floor was cabbage smell, on the third a baby whimpering, on the second a sudden shout of "Well why the hell didn't you?" and then the street door was prompting him through to the wet March air.

Scanlon Street was dark and quiet as he came out of the doorway. The faintest sort of mist flowed between the buildings without anything pushing it along. Wandering men (like himself?) drifted past, unspeaking. But the grocery on the corner was raucous with beer signs, pretty models in kodachrome, and fluorescent lights. He noted a woman buying celery, fingering the white stalk tentatively, her lips pursed.

On the opposite corner was a barroom, red with neon, backs of heads moving this way and that at the bar—anonously, as if the fronts of them might be either

laughing, crying, or moving with the pure restlessness of man in his universe. The bartender moved his rag across the mahogany, his eyes focusing only on those within the long room, never beyond the dark window with its glow of sign. A shout broke through the door as a customer entered, choked off in a blur as the door swung shut.

He passed it silently, the noise already forgotten as he fingered at the mass of his thought, testing it again, again and again.

Arthur Street, Tenth Street—he lost count, walking steadily under street lamps, past tenements, small houses. Some of the stores were shutting up for the night—

He stopped short. He stood, and inhaled again and again. Unmistakably, gas. Cooking gas. The smell of it was strong. He was standing in front of a dingy frame house, two stories. No lights visible.

Go on his way? Probably just a leak, not a suicide. Yet it could be a suicide, and he couldn't very well ignore that. For that matter, a leak was a dangerous thing.

He went toward the wooden steps, put his foot on the first board and felt like a fool at the booming sound in the damp stillness. Probably the gas had blown out for a moment in somebody's kitchen, and he butting in like a busybody—he backed away and started along the sidewalk again.

And stopped.

He said "Oh hell" to himself in a low voice and went up the steps to the vestibule. Musty old wood smell, but triumphing over it was the smell of gas, stronger now, unquestionably stronger. Frightened suddenly, he rattled the knob, tried to push the door open. He groped for a bell, lit a match, blew it out instantly, muttering "Fool!" to himself.

He called out, not knowing just what to say, calling some general sort of sound that worked itself gradually into "Anybody home in here?" The words rang on the quiet air of the dirty little side street. Nobody existed in the whole universe.

The door had a glass pane in it. Suddenly he yanked out his handkerchief, spread it over his fist and smashed through the glass. The gas that poured out sent him down the steps again, gasping.

It had to be done. He took the deepest breath he could, ran up again, put his hand through, and found an iron key. Trembling, he turned it, the whole operation backwards and awkward, and pushed open the door. Inside he was in black space. Walls. Frantically his hands slid, felt picture frames, cracks, a pencil sharpener (just how necessary is a pencil sharpener in the scheme of things?). Light switch—he flicked it on and ran out to the porch again. Deep lungfuls of air, then back in. Nothing in the room—just silent furniture looking at him. He ran across, into a kitchen, vaguely seen in the light from the front room.

Empty.

Christ, no. Not empty. He stooped swiftly, took hold of what he saw—the flesh felt warm—and dragged it into the front room. His breath gone, he rushed to the window, threw it open and leaned out, gulping.

He raced back into the dim kitchen, found the stove somehow by main force, shut off the row of jets. Then he was leaning out the front window, shouting.

He stood by the window a moment, focusing on her. A middle-aged woman, her face bluish. Vomit. Her body was still.

But it had been warm! He dragged her over to the window. He knelt, trying to remember the resuscitation rignarole, started to do it even before he remembered. Hands on the back, just at the bottom of the ribs. Press. Release sharply. Do it again. Again. He worried whether he was doing it right. Press. Arms stiff. Release sharply. Again. The gas was still strong in his nose...

It was confusing, and yet it was clear. He kept making logical answers. He told them how he had got in, where he had found her. They crowded into the little room—neighbors, sturdy women with hair in curlers, men with the seams of long grinding hours in their faces. A man who had a large mustache and a long, slab-like face—he was the one who had run to the corner cigar store to phone for an ambulance. Three others, four others—he wasn't sure. Words buzzed around him, sounding very tiny in the big room. It was a big room, wasn't it—?

The ambulance interne loomed up in front of him and said casually, "You did a good job." He answered, "I wasn't sure I was doing it right but I guess it was okay," and he had a desire to giggle with relief. But giggling would make him feel foolish, so he laughed out loud, and then he didn't feel foolish. He sat down suddenly.

A voice said "You all right?" He nodded. He was absolutely all right. But it had been sudden. The woman was on a stretcher now, breathing normally and looking much more human. The interne and the ambulance driver went out the door with her, the stretcher gracefully clearing the doorframe by an inch.

"You better just rest that way awhile," the voice said, and gradually she was one distinct person to him: a mother, undoubtedly, her face wide, her lips soft and determined at the same time. On her head was an old-fashioned boudoir cap, with faded ribbons.

"That woman has just got more than she can stand," she said. "Mrs. Lake's her name. Her husband been dead nine years now, her boy was killed overseas just a few weeks ago, she's sick—"

The dark girl broke in, "Yes, and she's been trying to go to work again, after all these years—some reason or other they won't put her on relief." Her face went bitter.

"She asked me would the fact'ry I work in take her on. I took her down, but it's piece work—she ain't strong no more—"

The woman in the boudoir cap nodded, her eyes dark. "I use' to come in sometimes with a piece of stew meat if I could spare it. She'd never want to take it. 'Go on,' I says, 'charity's charity, but this ain't it. A neighbor's a neighbor.' "

The tall man with the mustache stood by the table, fingering a pink paper flower. "She don't own this house any more. It's mortgaged."

The woman nodded her massive head slowly. "Yes, it's mortgaged."

"She needs to be on relief," he said slowly. "They should of put her on it, a woman like that."

And there was silence, a silence of waiting. A pause in the universe.

Then the girl was spitting out words—"Goddamned lice, they'd rather see her dead on the floor than spend an extra penny. Millions of bucks to murder people in wars!"

He the rescuer looked at her curiously. So long since he had felt anger—He kept his eyes on her face.

The tall man put the flower down on the table. "We gonna do something about it?" he asked. "This isn't 1930 no more. This is 1958."

The woman looked up at his long lean face, looked into the face of the dark girl, then at the circle of neighbors slowly crossing the room as if a great unseen arm were gathering them in. She turned to him in the armchair and her eyes motioned him abruptly into their circle.

She placed her left hand firmly on her knee and covered it with her right one.

"We'll do something," she said. "We got to do something."

"We could go down to the relief office together," the dark girl said. "In the morning. They'll *have* to help her—that's what they're there for."

He was still looking into her dark eyes. So long since he had known belief—It was possible, perhaps, that a human being—? No. She would have to be told how things were.

"They'd tell us no," he said. He looked all over her face, saw her small ears, noted the thinness of the helix and the roundness of the lobe. He searched her small body that was tensed with anger. Some feeling, not anger of course, arched a little within his body. But—"They just go by technicalities," he said to her. "If they told her no once—"

"God damn it, they'll tell her yes this time," the girl finished for him. "If we make them!" So long since he had known belief—As he stared, excitement (impossible, impossible) flicked him lightly, then flew off and became a distant bird, untouchable. He sat, and

silence was in the world, and every quietly breathing human being in this room waited. A distant bird, and then (real) it rushed in big and immediate on a swirling wing inside him. (Impossible.) *Real, real!*—there was a bird present in his head, and it was the girl, dark and definite and alive—

"Plenty of things we can do!" his voice crashed suddenly (was it his voice?)—"make the newspapers print what's behind it, see the mayor of this stinking city"—it was his voice and now it was thoroughly uncoiling itself, shouting, swinging out wide and delivering, delivering itself of the thousand miles of hate that were wound up in him, the hate patiently stored and sealed for years: the hate against his iron-clawed father, his simpering mother, the teachers who had boxed him in their jails every day, the foodmakers with their burgled money, the ratlike landlord who owned the room he lived in, the school principal who had smashed the sweet loving between him and Eva, long ago, long dead ago—

His voice reached into them and they listened hard, listened for many minutes to his driving words of plan and fight for this small woman on earth, Mrs. Lake. In the small tattered room they received. They spoke in their turn, human voices giving. And they drew closer together.

"Tomorrow morning at nine," the dark girl said finally.

* * *

He climbed the four flights to his room, past the shiny walls dull with dust. He noticed his hand—how had he got it cut? Yes—smashing that front door.

He put his key in the lock with a little snickety sound, opened the door and turned on the lamp at the table. It was only three hours ago he had left this room. It had stayed the same. Nothing had moved. The rumpled blanket on the bed had waited for him in the cold silence.

He threw his hat on the table and moved about the room quietly, taking the note off the bed and chucking it in the garbage bag, smoothing the blanket, taking a can of soup and putting it in a pot to heat. The clock gave off its light strong ticking in the silence.

It was only by chance I came across that house, he thought, but it took an act of will to get up off the bed and go outside. Somewhere in the building a child's voice rang out and he remembered instantly the dark girl, her clear swift face, her living breasts. He got his brush and stood brushing his hair powerfully, hundreds of strokes, the bristles strong against his scalp. He watched the soup starting to bubble in the pot and as he stood he laughed and continued laughing and brushing until his supper was ready to eat.

NOT SO LONG AGO

Autobiography: Part 11

The Road I Take

A. J. MUSTE



WHEN I RESIGNED as general secretary of the Amalgamated Textile Workers of America in the Summer of 1921 and moved to the newly established Brookwood Labor College forty miles north of New York to become its educational director, I was thirty-six years old. Behind me lay the early boyhood in a little Dutch town and later boyhood in Michigan; formal education of a conventional and conservative kind in public school and then in denominational prep school, college and theological seminary; a pastorate in a newly opened section of New York and the introduction to a new intellectual world through graduate courses in philosophy at Columbia and in theology at Union Theological Seminary, along with introduction to a new social milieu and political radicalism in the turbulent New York of the first fifteen years of the century; then a pastorate in a Boston suburb which began as an idyll and terminated in a painful rupture because of my pacifism eight months after the United States entered World War I; the experience of ostracism from the circles in which I had hitherto moved and the sense of being at once rejected and betrayed by the nation I had come to love as the refuge of the oppressed; the unexpected plunge, without warning and without preparation, into the 1919 Lawrence textile strike; and finally emergence as a minor figure in the American labor movement.

Ahead lay another twelve years of continuously exciting pioneering in labor education, with Brookwood as its center; efforts at stimulating and cleaning up the pre-C. I. O. labor movement; the break from Brookwood

in the midst of the Great Depression followed by involvement through the Unemployed Leagues in the desperate struggles of the depression victims; the attempt to provide non-Communist radical leadership in economic and political spheres; ventures in united fronting with Communists followed by a drastic break; eventual conversion to Marxism-Leninism and collaboration in the leadership of the Workers Party of the U. S. A., a section of the Trotskyist Fourth International; participation in violent struggles in the West Virginia and Illinois coal fields and in the sit-down strikes in automobiles, glass and rubber, which revolutionized the American labor scene and established the C. I. O., which has by now, alas, become institutionalized and perhaps incapable of radical action; the break with Trotsky and the return to religious faith and to pacifism in 1936.

Other years, toils, experiments and risk-takings have followed. It is hard to realize these latter years already number twenty-two. But now before starting on the Brookwood story, to say something about what goes on inside me or what goes on in that part of me which I am able to project on to a mental screen and contemplate. I want to comment on some of the drives or convictions which are behind the decisions I made and which determine the road I take.

In an earlier installment, I have written about a group of radical Christian pacifists who were loosely associated in what we called the Comradeship. We were in one sense a left wing of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, but not in any degree a faction which caused

tension and organizational conflict. We felt the need of spiritual discipline, both individual and corporate, and were engaged in frequent intensive discussions as to the forms of common discipline. All of us as individuals set aside times for Bible study, devotional reading and prayer, and attended church services. We observed certain standards about the kind of work we would accept and the use we made of whatever income we had. Wherever a number of comrades lived near enough to one another, they practised many things in common and engaged in some form of check on one another.

We were of course, affected by the revolutionary ferment of the times, as well as by the visions of the prophets of a new heaven and a new earth, where righteousness would prevail and every man would sit under his own vine and fig tree, and none should make them afraid. We were also imbued with the idea (to use a formula common in those days) that we should order our lives today as if the Kingdom were already here. I can recall being appalled by socialists who proclaimed the advent of the class-less and war-less world and in the meantime lived as capitalists. We were accordingly concerned to establish what is now called an "intentional community", but which in those days we spoke of simply as a community. We were looking around for suitable rural sites and also had the idea that alongside settlements on the land there should be cooperative houses in cities where some members would live and seek to affect the day-to-day life of the neighborhood. We thought of an exchange of products between rural and urban sectors of the community as a sound economic measure. I suppose that among intentional communities in existence today the Bruderhof (Society of Brothers) comes closest to what we were groping after, though not exactly.

No community came out of those discussions and tentative explorations. The main reason was that at the critical juncture early in 1919, when the war was over and steps to realize the community idea might have been taken, a large percentage of those of us who were then footloose and eager and vigorous were drawn into the Lawrence strike. It is important to note that those who were most involved in that absorbing struggle did not break away from the rest of the group and were not cut off by it. On the contrary, it was in a very real measure this group of radical Christian pacifists that provided backing, leadership and a certain spirit to the Lawrence struggle. We continued to regard ourselves as a spiritual community, whether we lived in Lawrence or Boston or farther away. The fellowship among us was constant. There was never the slightest doubt that our families would be taken care of if any of us were injured or jailed. In the feverish atmosphere of a mass strike, amidst the practical decisions that had to be made daily about matters in which we had had no previous

experience and which involved "compromises" of a kind which would never arise in an intentional community, we were, on the one hand, under a real, though not externally imposed, discipline of the group and on the other hand, materially and spiritually sustained by that fellowship.

I can see in retrospect that in some of its aspects the labor education experiment at Brookwood was a spiritual child of the Comradeship. Neither Harold Rotzel nor Cedric Long participated directly in that project, but it had substantial financial support from individuals in the radical pacifist group. Most of the comrades felt, I think, that Brookwood was an outgrowth and expression of their ideals. William and Helen Fincke, members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the former a Presbyterian minister who had been forced to give up his pulpit during the War on account of his pacifism, owned the estate which housed the School. Had they lived in or around Boston instead of New York, they too would have been part of the Comradeship. Certainly my own spiritual roots in the early days of Brookwood were in this group rather than in the labor movement, into which I had recently come.

We did not make our living by farming or industrial work on the place. But faculty and students alike carried out a manual-work schedule. In the earliest years, virtually all meals were eaten in the common dining room. We devised our recreational and cultural activities without benefit of movies and such, and the results were invariably exhilarating and often creative. The life was simple, even rugged, especially in the beginning. Standards were not at all conventional or "bourgeois", and on the whole an effective group discipline prevailed. There were no conventional religious observances, but the group was unquestionably a dedicated one and a sense of spiritual comradeship existed which is felt to this day by dozens of the old graduates.

My Critique of Community

However, it must quickly be added, that Brookwood was essentially a labor school and that its standingground was that of radical "laborism" and not religious pacifism. In my own case it served in this respect as a transition for, though I returned to religious faith and pacifism after abandoning them for a time in the Thirties, I have never again been so close to helping to found or joining an intentional community as I was in 1919. My activity has been in the labor movement and in other organizations and movements seeking to effect changes in society or a part of it rather than to build an image or nucleus of a more ideal community within the larger society.

For me, I believe this has been right. I have no regrets or misgivings on this score.

In the first place, it seems to me that if we start with

the concept that human beings are of infinite worth, because they are all children of God or on some other ground, and profess to conceive of mankind as a family which should live as a family, then our only valid objective is the transformation of society, not the building of a shelter for the saints or a secular élite within a corrupt social order, which is in effect assumed to be beyond redemption. There have been periods and regions where a civilization was indeed in process of disintegration and where it would therefore have been unrealistic to try to patch it up or even to think that an acceptable social order is possible before the existing structure had been eliminated. It may be that the attempt to build communities which serve partly as refuges and partly as nuclei of a new way of life is useful in such circumstances. But even then it is not likely to be the only possible recourse.

The Apocalyptic View

Religious people in such a time see apocalyptic visions and embrace an apocalyptic view of history. I surmise that some form of apocalypticism is a conscious or unconscious part of the mentality of those who are drawn into intentional communities, whether they are religious or not. In our own day, many people are attracted to the Jehovah's Witnesses and the Seventh Day Adventists. They are growing. I think it must be granted that as dissenters from the prevailing culture they are pretty effective. There is no question that their members find an intense and deeply satisfying fellowship in their movement. It is also true that in these denominations there are standards regarding the use of income and a degree of economic sharing which one does not find in the more respectable churches. But these people do not live in communities of the kind we usually associate with that term. They live much more in the mainstream of urban or rural life, and mingle more constantly with people than communitarians generally do.

The same thing may be said of the early Christians, and it will certainly not be contended that they were not effective or that they did not achieve *koinonia* of a remarkable kind, even though they did not live in some Middle Eastern or Italian Rifton or Primavera settlement, but rather in a second- or third-century equivalent of London, Paris or New York. "See how these Christians love one another," their neighbors used to remark.

Is there not something "precious" and "fragile" about many "community" experiments in comparison with these past and contemporary movements? I have puzzled over the question whether many community experiments are not outlets for certain types of intellectuals and disoriented middle-class people and inherently incapable of expansion beyond very narrow limits.

In the second place, the justification of an intentional community as a factor in the transformation of society rather than as a shelter from society, would be that the community was a model of how society should, and eventually might, be organized; in place of a competitive economy here we have a model of cooperative economy. The great problem that confronts us in this realm stems from the development of technology; how in a super-technological civilization keep the human spirit from extinction, and generate brotherhood? It is possible that some of the European "communities of work" are making some contribution to the solution of this problem. It does not seem to me that any of our recent American experiments have solved it. On the other hand, the consumers' cooperative movement and some producers' cooperatives have, in my opinion, made a contribution at this point. If I understand the situation, it would also be correct to say that the more viable "communities of work" in Europe owe their existence largely to the fact that people simply needed to make a living. Another question that puzzles me, therefore, is whether an economic problem may be solved more effectively if it is tackled from an economic base or urge rather than by a group which feels (or thinks it feels) a sense of community and brotherhood, and then turns to the problem of making a living which will be consonant with that motivation.

If intentional communities seem not to give a convincing clue as to how to adjust positively to modern technology, how to make it serve true human needs and not just foster immature or perverse desires, another weakness seems to me to be that they do not make nearly as decisive a break with the prevailing economic system as their members want to make, and apparently think in many cases that they have been able to make. In one way or another most communities depend on subsidies or contributions from those who make or have made money in the prevailing economy. Fairly often, some of their members take jobs outside the community. The communities have to buy and sell within the price system; they have to own property, and so on. I do not intend by these observations to express moral condemnation—except where living in a community makes people feel more morally superior to those outside than is warranted by the facts. But it seems to me doubtful whether the communities give us a model of how society generally should, and can be, organized.

Thirty years ago, there were enthusiastic consumers' cooperators who rejected labor organization and political activity as unnecessary or immoral because they involved social struggle. All that was necessary, according to these enthusiasts, was steadily to bring the economic order within the cooperative orbit, to buy up one sector of enterprise after another: the retail cooperative stores would combine to set up a wholesale co-op, the whole-

sale co-ops would start producing their own food, manufacturing their own furniture, and so on. One day capitalism would vanish, and the surviving capitalists would be transmuted into cooperators. It seemed to me that this theory ignored a good many aspects of reality and in particular the social power-structure.

Retreating from Society

In somewhat the same way, certain communarians seem to think that the one effective as well as "pure" way to build a new society and put an end to the social ills which afflict us is for more and more communities to be built; after a while (probably a long while), everyone will be living in communities. This also seems to me an oversimplified view. There is the dominant fact of our time that the nuclear arms race and the power-struggle between super-states may simply wipe out whole nations, or even mankind, including the most ideal communities. I believe that economic, political and cultural struggles against war and its causes are necessary struggles in which we try to involve masses, and which may affect the decisions of government and the structure of society as a whole. There have to be similar struggles to end economic exploitation or, for example, the racial pattern in the South. The persistence of that evil pattern can work havoc on a community like Koinonia. The community can help to battle the pattern, as Koinonia did, but formation of communities is not the only means that has to be employed.

To cite another instance, Vinoba Bhave in India has carried out a notable activity by diminishing the exploitation of landless peasants and eventually altering the pattern of land ownership and thereby the whole social and political structure. He has employed the method of *Bhoodan*, getting landowners to give a portion of surplus land to those who have none or little. He has not used the ordinary political methods of getting laws passed, and so on. I believe that this experiment is highly significant and that it should be approached with a fresh mind and a desire to penetrate into its full potentialities. In the meantime, however, India lies under the threat of war. The conduct of its government in foreign affairs is an important factor in determining whether the *Bhoodan* movement survives. Moreover, forces are at work within India which may lead, for example, to its going Communist. Fumbling and often corrupt as are the economic and political measures which are used in trying to deal with these problems, I do not see how one can simply turn one's back on these measures. The problems entail too much suffering for people today and perhaps for the generations to come. I am sure that many are called to involvement in these struggles, the effort, as Buber phrases it, to "drive the plowshare of the normative principle into the hard soil of political reality."

The Ascetic Impulse

One other consideration which has kept me from being drawn again toward community life is that the impulse which draws a good many in that direction is an ascetic one which I do not share. I do not contend that asceticism has no place in human life. I believe that it is a vocation to which some are called. I believe that in some it has borne rich spiritual and social fruit, despite the fact that it is usually based on what I believe to be a profoundly wrong separation between body and soul, flesh and spirit, and a classifying of the "flesh" as evil. But as our own contemporary American life so revoltingly illustrates, the temptation merely to amass things and to live for "kicks" from "ostentatious consumption," while half of mankind lives on the edge of starvation and "Christian" nations practice the atrocities of brutal racial discrimination and preparation for nuclear war, is so strong and prevalent that any critique of asceticism must be made with reservation. I read not long ago that a surprising number of American troops in World War II carried copies of Thoreau's *Walden* in the hip pockets of their fatigues. There they would read such counsels as these: "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone." . . . "Beware of all enterprises that require new clothes."

My own vocation, however, has certainly not been to asceticism as it is usually understood. This is because I have a deep-seated conviction that the aim and the essence of life is love. And love is in its inmost nature an affirmation, not a negation; an embracing and being embraced, not rejection and withdrawal. In the degree that it is there, joy blossoms forth. Love in its very nature also implies discipline. Indulgence is the opposite of love. Moreover, love in its very nature implies the capacity for sacrifice, in other words, non-attachment so far as material goods or popularity or simple bodily pleasure in eating or making love or the enjoyment of beauty in art and nature are concerned. But this is not the same as loathing these things or feeling guilty about enjoying them when they are bestowed upon us.

But I must not pursue these matters further now. The main point is that my work for four decades has been mainly in social movements, in economic and political struggles. I am aware of the limitations of such activity. It has, furthermore, its own peculiar temptations, to some of which I have fallen prey. But I believe that these struggles are important and that my place is in them. What I have come to believe increasingly is that they must be carried on by non-violent methods and in love, and I trust that the reader will keep this in mind as I write about the years, at Brookwood and later, when I wavered in this conviction.

To be continued in next issue.

Important New Books

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LIBERATION wishes to call the attention of its readers to the following particularly outstanding new books by some of its contributors:

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